The Slavery of Fashion.

* * * But the over-exertion and slavery of providing for the table is but trifling compared with that which is exacted by fashion in dress, amusements and the prescribed amount of "calls" interchanged. Even if the cares of a household are sometimes severe and overtax the strength, yet there is a chance for the full and healthful exercise of the whole body, and a good amount of it in the open air. If the labor of olden times was often burdensome, and time and strength taxed severely, it could not be half as injurious to health or disposition as bending for hours over rufflings and trimmings that many of the devotees of fashion and style can not afford to have done for them. We all know how injurious constant sewing is, restricting the natural action of the lungs and heart, and making the eyes prematurely old. Few, comparatively, can afford to spend money to hire a seamstress after indulging in the lavish expense of buying materials for the elaborate dress which the present harlequin style demands.

But we are by no means sure that even the herculean task of making the dresses is as injurious to health and happiness as the severe strain on nerves and temper as well as strength which ladies with the most plethoric purses experience who traverse the cities, roaming from store to store, in their intense anxiety to secure the newest and most unique styles; and all the time in torture lest after such toil and painstaking they may have misjudged or been beguiled into a false selection. Ah! if Mrs. —— has been before them and at the next great ball shall appear attired in a more attractive dress than they have secured after all their research, what a deplorable calamity that would be! In what a depressed and anxious state they are carried home in their luxurious carriages, and sink exhausted into the elegant easy-chair, "too tired for anything!" With this fear ever haunting them, they repeat these tiresome shopping expeditions day after day. How uncomfortable they make themselves and how disagreeable to others, exhausting even the wonderful patience of the weary clerks long before they have settled the momentous question—they, whom many envy, feeling that they have all that the world can offer.

The material purchased, the poor victim of fashion's caprices finds her troubles but just begun. The stylish dressmaker is the ruling spirit, and perfectly understands that her patrons have put into her hands a power before which the proud, sensitive, and to others overbearing victim must bow. The cat plays with the poor, trembling mouse for a while before she gives the final stroke. The imperious dressmaker tantalizes her victim by seeming doubts and hesitation, and then condescends to acknowledge that the materials are satisfactory but fears there is not quite enough. Then she keeps her in suspense as to the newest, the very newest style, and with trembling, nervous persistency she begs to know if there is not something just a *little* more stylish.

But the style at last settled, another trouble assails her. The dressmaker, who has the most fashionable customers, fully understands her position; and, although she knows it is for her own interest to have her work done in time, she again keeps the poor weary slave of fashion in suspense and will not be hurried. When at last the dress, over which the owner has spent more time and strength and comfort than the hardest-worked housekeeper is subjected to, is brought home, look at it! What can be more ungraceful than a lady dressed in the extreme of fashion, or, indeed, with but half its absurdities! The Hindoo beauty, who to be the belle "must walk like a drunken goose or young elephant," is no more at variance with true grace and beauty than the stylish lady of the present time, with banged or frowzy hair, dresses pulled back, puffed and banded, stooping and tottering on high-heeled boots, and with the added incumbrance of a long train with which she sweeps through elegant parlors or at the slightest beck of fashion drabbles through the mud or across dirty sidewalks. No wonder we hear them so often exclaim, "I am too tired for anything."

Why risk health and home happiness for such false lights that "shine to bewilder and dazzle to blind"? Sorrows from time to time come to us all, when the heart bleeds and the wound will always smart. But the deep scars that tell where the strain was hardest tell also of the balm in Gilead which He who scourges never fails to apply.

But the toil of sorrow and care which we make for ourselves has no promise of relief from the comforting hand of the Father. The slavery of fashion, which so often leads to sin, we can not carry to His throne and hope for relief and a blessing.

Is there no practical way to break the chains that are becoming each year more galling? Let us give more time and strength to practical labor of some kind and less to frivolities, and we shall hear less of feebleness, nervous prostration, and our women will lift up their heads rejoicing, making better wives and mothers and securing happier homes; and few will be willing to acknowledge themselves "too tired for anything."—*Mrs. H. W. Beecher, in Christian Union.*

The Miserable Condition of Russia.

A ST. PETERSBURG letter to the New York *Sun* gives the following facts regarding the distress which is now prevalent in the Czar's dominions: The Government and the journals devoted to it—that is to say, almost our entire press—are making strenuous efforts to conceal the truth in regard to the misery of the Russian people. No wonder, when black bread is sold in St. Petersburg at 5 copecks, or 3 1-4 cents, a pound, and when the average wages of workingmen in this town is 15 roubles, or about $11.25 a month. Deducting the taxes an unmarried workingman's surplus amounts to 45 copecks, or 34 cents, at most. He must have three pounds of bread every day costing 15 copecks, or one-third of his daily wages. What, then, must be the condition of the workmen whose wages are below the average, and of those who are married and have families to support? Well, this price of 5 copecks a pound for bread threatens to go still higher. Let it reach the figure of 7 or 8 copecks and the suffering will become intolerable, for the workingmen will be obliged to deprive themselves of the commonest necessities; and neither commerce nor industry, already almost ruined by taxation, can help the unfortunate men by raising their wages even up to the lowest figure permitting the support of a family.

I state this simple fact because everybody can understand it, and because it can not be contradicted. What must be the social condition necessarily produced by such a crisis in a great capital like St. Petersburg, which is the rendezvous of a crowd of adventurers from all the countries of Europe and Asia? It suffices to read the reports of the trials in the criminal courts to get instruction upon this point. The number of monstrous crimes, robberies, and murders is increasing alarmingly.

So much for the capital. Now let us take a look at the provinces. Here are some figures: At Kamychine rye flour sold last week at 1 rouble and 40 copecks (about $1.05) a pood (about 36 pounds) and even up to 1 rouble 80 copecks ($1.35). At Tsaritsin a pood of rye costs 1 rouble 20 copecks (90 cents). Black bread at the former place cost 1 rouble 40 copecks (about $1.05) the pood. In the country villages it costs 1 rouble 80 copecks (about $1.35) the pood—nearly as dear as in the capital. And what a difference in the wages of the poor peasants and the workingmen of the capital.

I might multiply these figures. The conclusion would be that the most fertile districts are the most impoverished. The Russian Empire has been attacked in her abundant granaries. The harvests have been terribly bad, and in some parts of the country the peasants have had no work for a year. What can they do now? A family of seven persons, which is the average number in the country parts of Russia, consumes from 120 to 150 pounds of rye in a year. That makes from 145 to 185 roubles, an enormous sum for them. And where is the money for taxes and clothing to come from? Must the peasant die of hunger without complaining?

But this calamity is not merely local. The *Messager Officiel* itself has just published figures proving that this state of affairs extends at the present moment to the Governments of Samara, Kherson, Ekaterinoslav, and to the greater portion of those of Toural, Saratof, Simbirsk, Tchernigof, Tombof, Roursk, Penza, and Poltova. The same famine is reported from several of the western Governments, Novgorod, Oskof, Smolensk, and St. Petersburg.

The districts where the harvests have not been quite so bad are unfortunately not very productive. They are hardly able to provide for local wants. There has been a surplus this year only in Bessarabia, Volhynia, Esthonia, and a few districts of the center and the west. Everywhere else the harvests have been below the average.

The districts which have suffered most have been compelled to have recourse to the Government for seed for the fields. Samara received a million roubles. Saratof and Simbirsk a million each, and Astrakhan 50,000 roubles. But all that is for the future, while the terrible present must somehow be provided for.

Russia has few newspapers or other publications, yet, nevertheless the most alarming reports are circulated in regard to this fearful and universal distress. Men, women and children are dying of hunger every day in the Governments of Samara and Saratof. Subscription lists have been opened, but who is able to give? The Government is doing its best. It has already given out more than a million roubles, and advanced four millions in favor of the provisioning fund—a fund which at the present moment amounts to only five millions, a sum ridiculously small to meet the need.

At Moscow bread costs six copecks a pound, and ten copecks for white bread. In the country it is still worse, and village pauperism is increasing each year. The primitive system of agriculture, together with the weight of taxation and the results of the overtaxing of the villagers by that class of merchant proprietors known under the name of koulaki, is ruining a large proportion of the peasants.

Heat Without Fire.

PROFESSOR WELLS, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has invented a machine for heating railroad cars without the use of fire. The principle of the machine is friction. It consists only of an iron cylinder, two feet in diameter, having a fixed plate of hardened iron in one end, and a second plate, attached to a revolving shaft, which presses lightly or closely upon the fixed plate, as circumstances require. The cylinder is filled with water, the shaft revolves, and from the friction of the plates the water in an incredibly short time is heated, and by means of pipes can be carried a great distance for heating purposes. The construction of the machine is such that it is easily adapted to every place where there is waste power, as in mills, factories, public buildings and cars. Thus, to carry a machine with thirty-six square inches of friction plates—the ordinary size—one-half horse power only is said to be required, while a machine with two hundred and twenty-five square inches of friction surface will require only four horse power, and will heat a room 60x200, or 126,000 cubic feet. In steam cars the machine is easily and cheaply adjusted to the axles, the power being taken directly from the wheels, so that in case of accident all danger from fire is eliminated. This machine has been in practical operation for some months, and it is claimed that with thirty-six inches of friction surface a room of 10,000 cubic feet can be heated more uniformly and quicker than by the use of coal, wood or steam, and absolutely without expense save the wear of the friction plates and the pittance for extra coal under the boiler.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A YOUNG man named Charles Sisson, who inherited a fortune of $250,000 from a millionaire father, was hauled up in a Jersey City police court the other day for drunkenness. "Mr. Sisson," said the Justice, severely, "your brother has just been elected to serve in the Legislature. I think it wouldn't do you any harm to serve in the Penitentiary." "I think that is just as good a place," replied Sisson, coolly.

GENERAL.

A NEW YORK girl has had one of her shapely hands modeled in marble, and has presented it as a birthday present to her affianced husband for a paper-weight.

THE London *Athenæum*, in commenting upon some American peculiarities, says the "tender age at which children in the United States begin to live in public, to make speeches and act parts is very curious."

THE estate of an English miser named Rhodes was lately wound up. It realized $300,000. The sale of his effects in his residence resulted in $28,75. The property goes to two charities—the London Free Hospital and the National Lifeboat Institution.

THE Portland *Oregonian* gives the particulars of an adventure with a panther at Myrtle Creek, Douglas County. The hero of the affair was Gus Byron, a printer boy, only 16 years of age. He finished the brute in two shots.

PART of a graveyard at Morehead, Ky., was destroyed in building a railroad, and indignant ghosts from the disturbed coffins have taken possession of the station house which stands on the spot. So say the ticket agent and other employees, at least, and they have proved their sincerity by resigning their positions.

A SPORTIVE youth of Olean, N. Y., pointed a revolver at a young lady's head, and asked if she would be his forever, just for a little joke, you know, for he didn't know it was loaded. "Yes," she said, dodging her head to one side, just in time to save her from being killed, as a charge of lead was lodged in the wall behind her.

THE Central Park Commissioners of New York City received a petition from George Francis Train, the other day, asking for permission to put his feet on the seats in the park. He stated that the police had denied him that privilege, and he wished to know what law prevents him from enjoying that liberty. The communication was placed on file, and George is in suspense as to whether he is a vassal or a peer.

POLICEMAN EGOLF, of Philadelphia, it usually accompanied on his rounds by a big hound. Egolf went into a house to arrest a man who was whipping his wife, and was set upon by a number of roughs, knocked down, kicked and dragged about. Then the dog went into the fight, and enabled his master to win. But it was a hard struggle. The officer's skull was fractured and the dog had three ribs broken.

THE New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* gives some alleged particulars of the Grant-Chaffee wedding. He says that young Ulysses Grant became engaged to Miss Chaffee at Saratoga last summer; that Senator Chaffee gave his daughter $400,000 in Government bonds as a wedding gift; and that young Grant never was engaged to Miss Flood, although at one time he was attentive to her.

A FEW days ago the neighbors were drawn to a house on West Twenty-sixth Street, New York, by the most frightful cries. They found a woman named Mrs. Hall standing over her youngest child, who was stripped naked and stretched upon a table. With one hand the mad mother held the struggling infant upon the table and with the other she brandished a carving-knife in the air. She told the frightened people that she and her whole family were going to heaven. The child was rescued and the woman soon after became calmer. She had been made insane by the recent death of her husband.

THE evening express train leaving Pesth for Vienna on October 9 had to be pulled up short when approaching Rakos Station to avoid running down an enormous buffalo, which had taken up a menacing attitude between the rails. This animal had, a few hour previously, brought a goods train to a standstill on the same spot, which he evidently regarded as the frontier of his own especial domain. After many fruitless attempts to drive the huge beast off the line, the railway officials contrived to lasso him, and, tying his legs tightly together, to haul him bodily into an adjoining field.

THE museum of old guns and other small arms at the Armory in Springfield, Mass., is probably the fullest and most curious of any in this country, except the one at Washington. First in the list of old guns is a Wheelock rifle, wound up like a clock, made by Gottsfied Fleming in 1520. On the lock-plate is a battle scene between Turks with bows and arrows and Europeans with swords. Another is a curious Albanian smooth-bore flint-lock used even to-day by the Turkish mountaineers and peasantry. An old Arab flint-lock has a square piece of ivory so fitted to the butt of the stock that the gun can be balanced in an upright position in the Arab's tent. One, a match-lock, made in the fourteenth century, is the oldest gun in this country. It is discharged by lighted tow or flax on the hammer, drawn to the vent by hand.

The Mixed Population of New Mexico.

THE Mexicans and the Indians seem to be about equally numerous in the portion of the valley through which I passed to reach this place. The two principal Indian towns are Santo Domingo and San Felipe, a pueblo about one-half the size of the former. The Mexican towns north of Albuquerque, on the railroad, after it strikes the river, are Algodones and Bernalillo. The trains run along the edge of San Felipe, and we caught a glimpse of the town as we passed. It has become Mexicanized in a great degree; that is, instead of being one jumbled mass of houses built against and on top of each other, it has a plaza, a church and some streets. The houses are also generally entered through doors in the sides instead of by means of holes in the top, but nearly every one has a ladder leaning against it and the top of the house seems to be the favorite place of resort. I saw none of the Indians dressed in European costumes, although there was an approach to it in some cases, for men and women were working in the fields wearing very broad trousers, with the upper part of the body covered with a shirt-shaped blouse, both garments being made of coarse white cotton cloth. I have not seen a Pueblo Indian wearing a hat, although this is the first article of civilized attire to which the wild Indian seems to take kindly.

The Indian children are an interesting study. They are generally very scantily dressed, the only garment that most of those between the ages of five and fifteen years wore being a loose chemise reaching about to the knees. Smaller children were frequently seen without a stitch of clothing. The wealth of straight black hair with which most of the young Pueblos are blessed is something wonderful. It is "banged" in front, but hangs down upon their shoulders, half hiding their dusky faces. The passage of a railway train has not ceased to be a novelty to them, and at San Felipe a dozen or more of them were gathered on the tops of the houses nearest the railroad, jumping about and shouting like the little savages that they are, and throwing stones at the passing cars.

Some of the Pueblo Indians in the Rio Grande Valley have moved out of the towns and live on their little farms. Their adobe houses are very small and mean-looking, and some of them apparently have no doors or windows. Frequently five or six persons, old and young, would be congregated on the top of one of them, and look so crowded there that it seemed as though some one must be pushed off if any other one moved. Many of these little houses have rude awnings, made of poles and boughs of trees, shading their tops, which are then used as lodging apartments by the family.

The Pueblos and Navajos have never been friendly, and relics of their old warfares may still be seen in some parts of New Mexico. The Pueblo architecture was adopted in order that their villages might easily be defended from the attacks of the Navajos, and some of their towns were built high up upon the cliffs for the same reason. The western banks of the Rio Grande north of here are very abrupt, rising in some places almost perpendicularly two or three hundred feet. On the top of one of these bluffs there still remains a stone fort built by the Pueblos, and almost impregnable from the river side against anything but modern artillery.

Many wealthy Mexican dons own estates on the Rio Grande River, and, although their modes of agriculture are rude and primitive, their fields are well cultivated, they have large flocks and herds, and their houses are spacious and imposing in appearance, when seen through a long vista of trees, with their neatly whitewashed fronts and broad verandas extending all around them. Among these people may occasionally be found a Spanish family of pure Castilian blood which, though it came here, perhaps, two centuries ago, has never inter-married with the Indians or Mexicans of mixed blood. These are the real aristocracy of the country, and, as many of their children have been educated in Europe or in the Eastern States, they have retained not a few of the characteristics of their Spanish ancestors, to which they have added, perhaps, more of modern refinement.

The old town of Albuquerque is about three miles west of the railroad, but a new—American—town is already springing up about the station. The old town contains about 2,000 inhabitants, of whom two or three hundred are Americans and Europeans, and the remainder Mexicans. It resembles Santa Fe except that its architecture is purely Mexican, and it lacks the appearance of thrift and enterprise which the capital of New Mexico has in a slight degree. The plaza is simply an open square in the center of the town, without fences, trees or grass. One side of it is occupied by the church and church institutions, the former of which is said to have been built about 200 years ago. The people of Albuquerque assert that the town was occupied by the Spaniards earlier than Santa Fe, it being at that time a large Indian pueblo, and it therefore disputes with the capital of the Territory the honor of being the oldest town in the United States settled by Europeans. The merchants here carry on a large business with the farmers of the valley. The new town, which is at the junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (the construction of which from this point west to California has already been begun) with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe main line, is expected to be an important railway center.

The first night I slept in Albuquerque, my room opened by a door upon the placita of the hotel, but the window looked out upon a broad street with no buildings on the further side. After midnight, and when perfect silence reigned throughout the hotel and town, I was awakened by a weird, plaintive sound, and, looking out of the window, I saw a tall Indian in the bright moonlight, wrapped in his gayly-colored blanket, walking alone, very slowly, and chanting something that sounded like a dirge. I watched him for five minutes until he had passed out of sight and hearing, and the apparition seemed prophetic. The Indian race has survived the cruelty of the Spaniard, and has not disappeared before the civilization of two centuries ago; but did this old chief see in the advent of the civilization of the last quarter of the nineteenth century the doom of his people sealed?—*Cor. New York Tribune.*

What is a Cad?

I NEVER use this word without thinking of a funny thing that occurred once in which two Americans figured. One was a London American, one of the tuft-hunting hybrids who would kiss the boot-soles of a man with a title and starve for a twelvemonth if he could get a lord to dine with him, and the other was a frank, hearty, unaffected man, who was over in England for a short holiday and had no other idea but that Americans were as good as Albert Edward himself and generally so considered. They were in the company of an aristocratic Englishman one of the lesser lights of nobility with whom the tuft-hunter had managed to ingratiate himself. The Englishman and his imitator used the word 'cad' rather frequently, and as they sat together in the smoking-room of the Langham Hotel over a bottle of wine the guileless American said to the "swell:" "I hear you use the word "cad" a good deal. Pray, pardon my ignorance, but what is a 'cad?'" Snowily, coolly, dispassionately the Englishman looked at him, then quietly moving his eyes until they rested on the face and form of his American toady he drawlingly exclaimed: "I say, my boy, get up and show your friend what a cad is."

Our Young Folks.

IF I WERE A BIRD.

If I were a bird, I would warble a song,
The sweetest and finest that ever was heard,
And build me a nest on the swinging elm-tree;
O, that's what I'd do if I were a bird!

If I were a flower, I'd hasten to bloom,
And make myself beautiful all the day through
With drinking the sunshine, the wind and the rain,
O, if I were a flower, that's what I would do!

If I were a brook, I would sparkle and dance
Among the green fields where sheep and lambs stray,
And call, "Little lambkins, come hither, and drink!"
O, if I were a brook, that is what I would say!

If I were a star, I would shine wide and bright,
To guide the lone sailors on oceans afar,
And travelers lost in the deserts and woods;
O, that's what I'd do if I were a star!

But I know that for me other tasks have been set,
For I am a child, and can nothing else be;
I must sit at my lessons, and day after day
Learn to read and to spell, and add one, two and three.

Yet perhaps by my books I shall some time find out
How the birds sing so sweet, how the roses grow red,
What the merry brook says to the moss-covered stones,
And what makes the stars stay so high overhead.

—*M. E. N. Hatheway, in Our Little Ones.*

A CHILD'S VICTORY.

ON the rug before the open fire sat Pussie, her head against her aunt's knee, her Skye in her arms—a picture of content. After a silence of at least two minutes she drew a long breath—so long that Aunt Kitty laughed, and asked her what the matter was.

With a good deal of hesitation the little girl answered, in a very sad voice, "Because it is almost time to go to bed."

"Pussie, why don't you like to go to bed?"

"Because—because— I don't want to say."

"Then I will tell you why. Shall I, dear?"

"Oh, auntie, you don't know. You can not even guess why."

Aunt Kitty stooped over and whispered something, which had the effect of bringing Pussie on her feet, as she exclaimed, "Why! how did you know?"

"I once was a little girl myself, dear."

"Oh yes, I know; but then you never felt as I feel about the dark."

"Don't be too sure of anything, little one. What should you say if I told you that I found out your fear of the dark just because I used to feel as you feel now?"

Still incredulous, Pussie shook her head, saying, "But when did it go away? You are not afraid of anything now."

"Come here, and I will tell you," and taking the child on her knee Aunt Katherine told her this little story of her own life.

"When I was a child I was as timid as a hare. I was very shy; I did not like strangers, and I did not care for companions of my own age. I was perfectly happy with my mother and father and my beloved dolls. Now you see you have the advantage of me, for you are not shy, you are fond of little girls and boys, and then, too, you have your dogs and your pony. Now I was so afraid of a dog that the sight of one, as far off as I could see him, filled me with such terror that I instinctively drew up my small legs, and then took to my heels. I was so afraid of a worm that I have gone a whole block out of the way to avoid passing one. I am afraid, Pussie, that I was a born coward, but nothing was so absolutely awful to me as the dark. A familiar room was bad enough when unlighted, but one that was unoccupied was to me the most truly horrible place that could be conceived of. The windows, with their distinctly defined sashes, were one of the most frightful features for me, and I remember lying awake at night and seeing the four or eight white squares in the darkness, and trembling with fear—of what I did not know." And Miss Katherine heard a little murmur.

"Oh, auntie, it always frightens me so! I am glad it frightened you, too." And with a closer cuddle she said, "Please go on."

"Once my father spoke to me about it, reasoning with me most lovingly and tenderly, never uttering one word of ridicule or of reproach, telling me that no one else could help me in overcoming the dread of darkness, but that I might conquer it myself. I used to wonder if I should ever feel as he did about it, and be as brave as he was in every way.

"Some little time passed away, and when I was about seven or eight years old an idea flashed through my brain, and I will tell you what I did.

"It was just about this hour, between six and seven o'clock, and at this season of the year, when I made up my mind to explore the whole house in the dark. Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane (you remember I was telling you about them only last night?) could not have had a firmer conviction of the dangers they were braving than I had at that moment. "The Dark was quite as unknown a region to me as the north pole to them, and set thick with terrible risks and perils; but having made up my mind to do it, the possibility of retreat did not occur to me, for I remember I felt as if it were a sort of duty, a promise to my father; so I walked out of the room where all the family were sitting by the fire-light, and began to go up the first flight of stairs in the back part of the house—unlighted save by a ground-glass window, through which the hall lamp threw a dim light. I had made up my mind to begin with the worst, and went steadily up, one, two, three, four flights of stairs; the last led to the attic, divided into two rooms—the outer one finished but never occupied; the inner one unfinished, and each lighted by a window in the roof, and communicating by a little door, so low that, small as I was, I could not stand upright in passing through. In utter darkness I climbed the steep stairs, closing the door at the foot, and at last found myself groping my way into the inner attic through the door I have just described. Then on my hands and knees I crawled under the eaves, breathless and trembling; I left no corner unexplored. I remember going back more than once, to be sure that I had not 'shirked.' In this way I went into every room, crawling under every bed, which was an especial horror to me; I don't know why, do you, Pussie?"

"Oh, auntie, it is dreadful under the beds!"

"But what is it you are afraid of? Are you afraid that some one is concealed there who will hurt you?"

"No, indeed; I don't know *what* it is, but I always feel that *something* is hidden there, auntie—something awful."

"Well, Pussie, so did I, and as I crawled out from each bed I felt that I had had a narrow escape, expecting the next would reveal the dreadful thing. And all this time the windows seemed to grin at me; but I thought of my father, and of his telling me that I could 'conquer if I tried,' and I went on, closing the door of every room as I went in, going faithfully into every closet, and feeling with my hands under every piece of furniture which was not set close to the floor. It was such a long time to me! I felt as if I had not seen my father and mother for hours; but at last I began to feel that I was near the end, and I recall going back and exploring for the second time the unknown region under the last bed, because I felt in my heart that I had not been honest about it. I was conscious that the left corner nearest the window had not been *really* investigated. At last it was finished, and I can remember how I felt when I opened the door of the room where the others were laughing and talking, with bright lights and the fire—I can remember my bewildered feeling, as if waking from sleep, and the sensation of having been saved from something; and when my father put his hand out to me and drew me to his side, asking where his little girl had been all this time, and I cuddled up to him as you are doing now, dearie, I was so happy as I whispered back so softly that none of the rest could hear, 'I have been everywhere in the dark, under the beds and all.' I shall never forget the look he gave me as he drew me closer to him and kissed me, whispering back, 'My brave little girl!' An when by and by my mother's lovely eyes beamed upon me as she stooped and kissed me, I felt quite repaid for all my distress; and, my darling, I never afterward suffered in the same way. Of course I had little thrills and panics, but lasting only for a moment. I could always send them away when I thought of my father's kiss. If I have any courage, it is due to my dear father's loving reasoning, to his patience and his sympathy."

Both arms were round Miss Katherine's neck, and Pussie said, gently, "Auntie, I will try." And she did try, and did conquer her foolish fears so thoroughly that the dark has lost all its terrors for her, and a braver little girl cannot be found in the country.—*Harper's Young People.*

Be Honorable.

BOYS and young men sometimes start out into life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is able to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity can not be founded on cunning and dishonesty.

The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, sooner or later, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundation will be certain to give way. Young people can not give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every shape of double-dealing, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.—*Young Folks' Rural.*

The Christmas Sentiment.

NEXT to the day itself, which every one who has been reared in a Christian land should hold as sacred, I like the sentiment which envelopes Christmas; there is so much about it that savors of harmony, concord, peace—a peace that means not merely the cessation of hostilities between conflicting interests in our social world, but that serener, broader, deeper peace which unites man to man by all the ties of friendly intercourse which proceed out of an universal desire to make Christmas a bright spot among the fading memories of the year. I like the sentiment the more because it prevades every community and brings to view the better side of every man's character. Not a Scrooge nor a Gradgrind on earth can wholly steel himself against its humanizing influence, and though the closing of the day may find no charity dispensed or gladness awakened, yet it will at least surely find the edge of his habitual severity blunted. If there is ever "peace on earth" in its fullest sense, it is on Christmas. I do not believe that custom and usage alone have made the modern anniversary day of our Savior's nativity one of rejoicing; it has ever occurred to me that since first the glad tidings went out from Bethlehem the event has left its impress on each succeeding generation, and that each recurring "happy morn" has found the chord of human sympathy and love responsive to the mystic glow. If this were not so I think we should see less hand-shaking and cordial greetings than we do now, a more limited sphere of action for the alms gatherer, fewer visits from Santa Claus, fewer Christmas tree festivals, listen to poorer and less exciting homely old stories of legendary lore, hear less caroling of "Christians awake," find a sparser harvest of mistletoe, and we should have far more contracted views of our life-cloud's silver lining. And then, too, I like the methods we have taken as a Nation to show our appreciation of that day. They are beautiful; they are just. They help us to consecrate our lives and to shape them in the channel that is best suited to their moral development. Where thoughts and motives are pure and sightly we may look for good deeds. Where the observance of Christmas is made known through benevolent acts, kind words to the distressed, family gatherings, happy children and the distribution of gifts, whether the celebration be to honor the day for the day's sake or not, the occasion is one that we should be truly thankful for. This world of ours is bettered by Christmas, and every one of us should help to make it memorable.—*Yonkers Gazette.*